

T H E

Merry Hay-Makers ;

C R,

Pleasant P A S T I M E,

BETWEEN THE

Young Men and Maids, -in the Pleasant Meadows.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Act.



In our Country, in our Country,
Where Rustlers they was a Baking ;
And the rarest pastime that ever you see,
Was when Hay-corks they were a making. to be.

There's Timm, and Tom, with Bottle and Bag,
As soon as the Lasses beheld them,
Because they did not give them what they d black,
adjudgers they swore they would geld them. to be.

And did you not know one Volking the Smith,
and Mary that went to the Ditty ;

Oh give me groth the a thing that is lost,
for to make me look Buxom and Aity. to be.

And down in a dale there was tumble down Dick,
with Mary, and Sarah, and Susan.
They being in haif for to play the old trick,
they leapt into bed with their Hay on. to be.

And come they to a fork, and come they to a he,
when merrily they were a Rustling.
And if you had but seen how Jones buttocks did wag,
I would a broke a mans sides out of laughing. to be.

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As soon as the Lasses beheld them,
Because they did not give them what they d black,
adjudgers they swore they would geld them. to be.

And did you not know one Volking the Smith,
and Mary that went to the Ditty ;

Oh give me goodly the a thing that is lost,
for to make me look Buxom and Aity. to be.

And down in a dale there was tumble down Dick,
with Mary, and Sarah, and Susan.
They being in ha' for to play the old trick,
they leapt into bed with their Hay on. to be.

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young Bridget came next and plagiely next,
 with fury she fell upon Robin,
 His Clatter-de-vengance adzuggers she claw'd,
 'cause he with young Kate had been bobbing. to be.

With that he made bold, with speed to take hold,
 of Bridgers young Chitter-de-widgeon,
 He thro' her along, but did it no wrong,
 because it was just upon fledgins. to be.

Her mother came by, and as she drew nigh,
 the sight put her into a laughter;
 His buttocks she bang'd, and bid him be hang'd,
 for playing the fool with her daughter. to be.

The men and the maids they love their comrades,
 above any paultry riches;
 Quoth Nancy to Dick adzuggers I'm sick,
 for something thou hast in thy breeches. to be.

What sayst thou me to then to it we'll go,
 thou shalt have thy earnest desire;
 For thou art the Lass, I swear by the Lass,
 which I above all do admire. to be.

At making of Day they frolick and play,
 as you may observe by this Satire,
 And when they are crackt, away they are packt,
 for Mising away to the City.

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